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Written for the Lily.

A TRIBUTE TO THE GIFTED WOMEN OF AMERICA.

BY J. WILLARD GLIDDEN.

O, woman! nobly gifted, thou
Hast wisdom's pearls at thy command,
Virtue's bright halo round thy brow,
A sceptre in thine own right hand.
Thine is a true, exalted worth—
A pure, ennobling spirit, thine,
Which elevates the soul from earth,
Pointing to heaven, and things divine.

Shame to the man! who e'er shall dare
The rights of woman to invade;
Himself a towering dome uprear,
And let *her* droop beneath its shade.
Is she not equal? hath she not
Genius and talents, that combine,
Worthy of all that man hath brought,
To offer at fair Virtue's shrine?

Is she not more? Go where the strife
Of sorrowing fears and hopes contend,
Amid the darkest hours of life,
You find her still a soothing friend;
And when her high-born hopes are crushed,
And she is counseled to despair,
Yet in high heaven her faithful trust
Is ever; still she looketh there.

A brighter day begins to dawn
For thee, O! woman, long oppressed;
Propitious heaven will haste it on,
And thou shalt soon be truly blest.
Write! for thy pen shall truth inscribe,
The pen 'tis mightier than the sword.
Speak! many true hearts shall imbibe
Thy precepts; speak, thou shalt be heard.

"WHAT CAN WOMAN DO."—OR THE INFUENCE OF AN EXAMPLE.

BY ALICE B. NEAL.

Good, therefore, is the counsel of the son of Sirach. "Show not thy valiantness in wine; for wine hath destroyed many." JEREMY TAYLOR.

"I am glad you admire my pretty cousin," said Isabel Gray to a gentleman seated near her.—"She deserves all her good fortune, which is the highest possible compliment when you see how devoted her husband is, and what a palace like home he has given her."

"It does, indeed, seem the very abode of taste and elegance," and the speaker looked round the luxurious apartment with undisguised admiration.

The room, with its occupants, seemed, in the mellow light which came from lotus shaped vases, like a fine old picture set in a gorgeous frame.—The curtains, falling in fluted folds, shut out the dreariness of a chill November night—a glowing carpet on whose velvet surface seemed thrown the richest flowers and the most luscious fruits, in wild but graceful confusion, muffled the tread of the well trained servants. A few rare pictures hung upon the walls, and a group of beautiful women were conspicuous among the guests who this evening shared the hospitality of the master of the mansion. The dessert had just been placed upon the table—rare fruits were heaped in baskets of delicate *Sevres*, that looked *woven* rather than moulded into their graceful shapes; cones and pyramids of delicately tinted ices, and sparkling bon-bons—in fine, all that could tempt the most fastidious appetite, had been gathered together for this bridal feast.

Very happy was William Rushton that night, and how fondly he glanced in the pauses of the conversation, toward his lovely wife, who, for the first time had assumed her place as mistress of all this elegance. But hers was a subdued and quiet loveliness,

"Not radiant to the *stranger's* eye,"

and many wondered that his choice should have fallen upon her, when Isabel Gray seemed so much better suited to his well known fastidiousness. Isabel had passed the season of early girlhood, yet her clear brow was as smooth, and her complexion as glowing, as when she had first entered society, the belle of the season. Four winters had passed, and, to the astonishment of many an acquaintance, she was still unmarried: and now, as the bridemaid of the wealthy Mrs. Rushton, she was once more the centre of fashion—the observed of all.

Glittering glasses, of fanciful shape and transparent as if they had been the crystal goblets of Shiraz, were sparkling among the fruits and flowers. Already they were foaming to the brim with wines, that might have warmed the heart of the convivial Clarence himself, whose age was the topic of discourse among the gentlemen, and of comment to their pretty listeners, who were well aware that added years would be no great advantage to *them* in the eyes of these boasting connoisseurs.

"No one can refuse that," came to the ears of Isabel Gray, in the midst of an animated conversation.

"The health of our fair hostess," said her companion, by way of explanation. "We are all friends, you know. Your glass, Miss Gray," and he motioned the attendant to fill it.

"Excuse me," said she, in a quick, earnest voice, which drew the attention of all. "I will drink to Lucy with all my heart, but in water if you please," and she playfully filled the tall glass from a water goblet near her.

"May I be permitted to follow Miss Gray's example? She must not claim all the honor of this new fashion," and the speaker, a young man with a fine though somewhat sad face, suited the action to the word.

Courtesy subdued the astonishment and remonstrances of the host and his fashionable friends, and this strange freak of Miss Gray's formed the topic of conversation after the ladies withdrew.

"I do not think it a fancy—Isabel Gray always acts from principle," said one of the party, with whom she had been conversing; and Robert Lewis, for so they called her supporter in this unparalled refusal, gayly declared himself bound, for that night at least, to drink nothing but water, for her sake."

"Oh, Isabel, how could you do so?" said her cousin, as they re-entered the drawing-room, and the ladies had dispersed in various groups to examine and admire its decorations.

"Do what, dear Lucy?"

"Why, act in such a strage way. I never knew you to refuse wine before. You might, at least, have touched the glass to your lips, as you always have done. Mr. Rushton was too polite too remonstrate, but I saw he looked terriby annoyed. He is so proud of his wines, too, and I wanted him to like you so much. I would not have had it happen—oh, for any thing," and the little lady clasped her hands with a most tragical look of distress.

"How very terrible! Is it such a mighty offense? But, seriously, it was not a freak. I shall never take wine again."

"And all my parties to attend? You will be talked about all winter. Why, nothing is expected of a lady now-a-days but to sip the least possible quantity; and besides, champagne, you know, Isabel—champagne never hurt any one."

"I have seen too much of its ill effects, to agree with you there, Lucy. It has led to intemperance again and again. My heart has long condemned the practice of convivial drinking, and I cannot countenance it even by *seeming* to join. Think of poor Talfourd—what made him a beggar and a maniac? He was your husband's college friend."

"Oh, that is but one in a thousand; and besides, what influence can you possibly have?—Who, think you, will be the better man for seeing you so rude—I must say it—as to refuse to take wine with him?"

"We none of us know the influance we exert—perhaps never will know it in this world.—But, still the principle remains the same. To-night, however, I had a definite object in my pointed refusal. Young Lewis has recently made a resolution to avoid every thing that can lead him into his one fault. Noble, generous to the 'half of his kingdom'—highly cultivated, and wealthy, he nearly shipwrecked his fortune when abroad, brother tells me, by dissipation—the effect of this same warm hearted, generous nature. It is but very lately that he has seen what a moral and mental ruin threatened him, and has resolved to gain a mastery over the temptation. I knew of it by accident, and I should not tell it, even to you, only that it may prevent his being rallied by Mr. Rushton or yourself. To-night was his first trial. I saw the struggle between custom, pride, and good resolutions. If he had

yielded then, he would have become disheartened on reflection, and, perhaps, abandoned his new life altogether. I cannot tell—our fate in this world is decided by such trivial events. At any rate, I have spared him one stroke—he will be stronger next time to refuse for himself."

"I should not have dreamed of all this! Why I thought it was only his Parisian gallantry that made him join with you; but, then, if he has once been dissipated, the case is hopeless."

"Oh, no Lucy, not hopeless; when a strong judgment is once convinced, it is the absence of reflection, or a little moral courage, at first, that ruins so many."

"Excellent, excellent," cried the lively Mrs. Moore, who came up just in time to hear Isabel's closing sentence—"if Miss Gray is not turned temperance lecturer! Come, ladies, let her have a numerous audience while she is about it. Ah, I know, you think to get into Father Matthew's good graces. Shall you call upon him when he arrives, and offer your services as assistant?"

"We were discussing the possibility of entire reformation," said Isabel, calmly, quite unmoved by Mrs. Moore's covert sarcasms, to the ladies who now gathered round the lounge on which she sat. "The reformation of a man who has been once intemperate, I mean."

"Oh, intemperance is so shockingly vulgar, my dear," quavered forth Mrs. Bradford, the stately aunt of the hostess. "How can you talk about such things. No, to be sure, when a man is once dissipated, you might as well give him up. He's lost to society, *that's certain*; besides, we women have nothing to do with it."

"I beg your pardon, my dear madam, but I think we have a great deal to do, though not in the way of assisting Father Mathew to address Temperance Conventions, as Mrs. Moore kindly suggests. Moreover, I have known a confirmed inebriate, so supposed, to give up all his old associations, and become a useful and honorable member of society."

"Tell us about it, please, Miss Gray," urged Emily Bradford, deeply interested. "There will be plenty of time before the gentlemen come in."

And as the request was seconded by many voices, Isabel told her simple tale.

"There is no romance about it, Miss Emily; but you remember those pretty habit shirts you admired so much last fall—and *you* have seen me wear them, Mrs. Moore. They were made by a woman—a *lady* whom I first saw years ago, when I passed my vacations at Milton, a little town not far from Harrisburg. My Aunt Gray was very domestic, and thought it no disgrace to the wife of a judge, and one of the most prominent men in the State, to see after her own household.

"There was a piece of linen to be made up one vacation; and I remember going into my aunt's room and finding her surrounded by 'sleeves and gussets and bands'—cutting out and arranging them with the most exemplary patience. 'Pray, aunt, why do you bother yourself with such things,' I said, for I was full of boarding-school notions on the dignity of *idleness*. 'Why don't you leave it for a seamstress.'

"'If you will go with me this afternoon to see my seamstress, you will find out. I should like you to see her.' And that afternoon our walk ended at a plain brown frame house, with nothing to relieve its unsightliness but a luxuriant morning-glory vine, which covered one of the lower windows.

"'How is Mrs. Hall to day?' aunt said to a dirty litttle fellow who was making sand pies on the front step.

"'She's in there,' was all the answer we received, as he pointed toward a door on the right of the little hall.

"'Come in,' said a faint and very gentle voice; and, at first, I could hardly see who had spoken, the room was so shaded by the leafy curtain which had interlaced its fragile stems over the front window. There was a neat rag carpet on the floor; a few plain chairs, a table, and a bureau, ranged round the room; but drawn near the window, so that the light fell directly upon it, was a bed, covered by a well-worn counterpane, though, like everything else, it was very neat and clean—and here, supported in a sitting posture by pillows, was my aunt's seamstress. I do not think she had been naturally beautiful—but her features, wasted by long illness, were very delicate, and her eyes were large, and with the brilliancy you sometimes see in consumptives, yet a look of inexpressible sadness. She was very pale in that soft emerald light made by the foliage, and this was relieved by a faint hectic that, if possible, increased the pallor. She smiled as she saw my aunt, and welcomed us both very gratefully. As she held out her long, thin hand, you could see every blue vein distinctly. I noticed that she wore a thimble, and around her on the bed, were scattered bits of linen and sewing implements. You cannot tell how strange it seemed, to see her take up a wristband and bend over it, setting stitch after stitch with the regularity of an automaton, while she talked with us. She seemed already dying, and this industry was almost painful to witness.

"I gathered from her conversation with my aunt,—while I looked on and wondered,—that Mrs. Hall had long been a confirmed invalid.—They even spoke of a ruptured blood-vessel, from the effect of which she was now suffering. She did not complain—there was not a single murmur at her illness, or the hard fate that compelled her to work for her daily bread. I never saw such perfect cheerfulness, and yet I knew, from the contracted features and teasing cough, that she was suffering intensely. The little savage we had seen on our arrival, proved to be the son of her landlady, who was also her nurse and waiting maid.

"I was very much interested, and, by the time we bade her good bye, I had sketched out quite a romance, in which I was sure she had been the principal actor.

"'Poor lady,' said I, the instant we were out of the gate. 'Why do you let her work, aunt? Why don't you take her home, you have so many vacant rooms—or, at least, I should think there were rich people enough in Milton to support her entirely. She does not look fit to hold a needle. Has she no children? and when did her husband die?—Was she very wealthy?'

"I poured out my questions so fast that aunt had no time to answer any one of them, and I had been so much engaged, that I had not noticed a man reeling along the side-walk toward us, until just in time to escape the rude contact of his touch, from which I shrunk, almost shrieking.

"'Who told you that Mrs. Hall was a widow, Isabel?' said aunt, to divert me from my mishap.

"'Nobody; but I knew it at once, as soon as I looked at her; how lonely she must be—and how terrible to see one's best friends die, and know you cannot call them back again.'

"'Not half so dreadful, dear,' answered she, very seriously, 'as to live on from day to day and see the gradual death of the soul, while the body is unwasted. It would be a happy day for Mrs. Hall that made her a widow, though she, poor thing, might not think so. That wretched inebriate'—and she pointed to the man we had just met—'is her husband; and this is why she plies her needle when we would willingly save her from all labor. She cannot bear that *he* should be indebted to the charity of strangers.'

"It was even so, for the poor fellow had reached the garden gate, and was staggering in.

"'So he goes home to her day after day,' continued aunt; 'so it has been since a few years after their marriage. When I first came here he had a neat shop in the village, and was considered one of the most promising young men in the neighborhood. Such an excellent workman—such a clever fellow—so fond and proud of his wife; and every body said that Charlotte Adams had married 'out of all trouble,' in the country phrase. Poor girl! she had only entered a sea of misfortunes—for, from the death of child, a fine little fellow, they have down. It is a common story. First, was given up, and he worked by the day; long after they moved to a smaller house, sold most of their furniture. It was then she first commenced sewing, and, with all her industry she could scarcely get along. She could never deny him money when she had it—and this, with his own earnings, were spent at the tavern. She remonstrated in vain. He would promise to do better—in his sober moments he was all contrition, and called himself a wretch to grieve such a good wife. I do not believe she has ever reproached him, save by a glance of sorrowful entreaty, such as I have often seen her give when he entered as now he is going to her.

"'She was never very well, and under repeated trials, and sorrow and mortification, her health gave way. Many a time have I parted with her, never expecting to see her alive again; but there is some concealed principle of vitality which supports her. Perhaps it is the hope that she will yet see her husband what he has been. I fear she hopes in vain, for if ever there was a man given over to the demon of intemperance, it is James Hall. But it is for this reason, that she refuses the assistance of her acquaintances, and works on from day to day, sometimes as now unable to leave her bed. Of course she is well paid and has plenty of work, for every body pities her, and all admire the wonderful patience, cheerfulness and industry which she exhibits.—She never speaks to any one, even to me, of her husband's faults. If she ever mentions him, it is to say, 'James has been such a good nurse this week—he has the kindest heart in the world.'—'She is a heroine,' exclaimed my aunt warmly. 'The best wife I ever knew—and if there is mercy in heaven, she will be repaid for all she has suffered in this world.'

"'Poor lady,' I thought and said a hundred times that week. I suppose I must have tired everybody with talking about Mrs. Hall."

"And did you ever see her again—*did* she die, Miss Gray?" asked Emily Bradford, as Isabel paused in her narration.

"I told you she made those pretty habit shirts for me. They were not in fashion in those days if you will recollect. The first summer after my debut in society I passed at Milton. I never shall forget the second evening of my visit. If you recollect, there was a great temperance movement through all our towns and villages just about that time. Reformed inebriates had become the apostles of temperance, and went from village to village rousing the inhabitants by their unlearned but wonderful eloquence. Mass meetings were held in the town hall at Milton nightly, and by uncle's invitation, for he went heart and hand with the newly awakened spirit of reform, aunt and myself accompanied him to one of these strange gatherings. It was with the greatest difficulty we could get a seat. Rough laborers, with their wives and children, crowded side by side with the *elite* of the little place; boys of every age and size filled up the interstices, with a strange variety of faces and expression. The speaker of the evening was introduced just as we entered. He was tall, with a wan, haggard loooking face, and the most brilliant flashing eyes I ever saw. A few months before he had been an outcast from society, and now, with a frame weakened by past excesses, but with a spirit as strong as that which animated the old reformers, he stood forth, going as it were 'from house to house, saying peace be unto you.' Peace which had fled from own his hearth when he gave way to temptation, but which now returning, urged him to bear glad tidings to other homes.

"I never listened to such strange and thrilling eloquence. I have seen Fanny Kemble as Portia plead with Shylock with all the energy of justice, and the force of her passionate nature, but though that was beyond my powers of conception, I was not moved as now. With what touching pathos he recounted the sorrows, the wasting, mournful want endured by the drunk-

*The circumstances here related are substantially true.

...! The sickness of hope deferred and ...—the destruction of all happiness here, ...pes of it hereafter! It was what his own ... had seen, his own acts had caused—and it ... the eloquence of simple truth. More than ... thought of poor Mrs, Hall, I am sure. As ... myself, I know not when I have been so ex... and after the exhausted speaker had con...luded his thrilling appeal, and the whole rude assembly joined in a song arranged to the plaintive air of Auld Lang Syne—more like a triumphal chant it seemed as it surged through the room—I forgot all rules of form, and though I had sung nothing but tame Italian *cavatinas* for years, my voice rose with the rest, forgetful of all but the scene around me.

"Scarce had the last strains died away, when through the crowded aisles, passing the very seat we occupied, some one pressed forward with trembling eagerness. At first I did not recognize him—but uncle started and made way for him to the table in front of the speaker's seat. A confused murmur of voices ran through the room, as one and another saw him grasp the printed pledge which was lying there, with the eagerness of a dying man. The first name subscribed to the solemn promise of total abstinence that night was JAMES HALL. When it was announced by my uncle himself, whose voice was fairly tremulous with pleasure, the effect was electrical. The whole assembly rose, and the room rang with three cheers from stentorian voices. All order was at an end. Men of all classes and conditions pressed forward to take him by the hand, and more names were affixed to the pledge that night than any could have counted on.

"It was a proud tribute paid to woman's influence, when James Hall grasping the hand of the speaker ejaculated—'Oh! it was the picture you drew of what my poor wife has suffered. Heaven bless her! she has been an angel to me—poor wretch that I am.'

"My aunt's first impulse was to fly to Mrs. Hall with the good news, but 'let him be the bearer of the glad tidings himself,' she said afterwards. 'We will offer our congratulations tomorrow.' And never were congratulations more sincerely received than by that pale invalid, trembling even yet with the fear that her great happiness was not real."

"Oh! very well," broke in Mrs. Bradford.—"Quite a scene, my dear; you should have been a novelist. But did he keep it?—*that's* the thing."

"You would not ask, my dear madam," answered Isabel, "if you could have witnessed another 'scene,' as you term it, in which Mrs. Hall was an actor."

"There is a pretty little cottage standing at the very foot of the lane which leads to my uncle's house. This has been built since that memorable evening, by Mr. Hall, now considered the best workman, and one of the most respected men in Milton; and it was furnished by his wife's industry. Her health was restored as if by a miracle; it was indeed such, but wrought by the returned industry, self-respect, and devotion of her husband. My aunt and myself were her guests only a few months ago, the evening of her removal to her new home.

"We entered before her little preparations were quite finished, and found Mrs Hall arranging some light window curtains for the prettily furnished parlor, while a fine curly-haired, blue-eyed little fellow was rolling on the carpet at her feet. She was still pale, and will never be strong again, but a happier wife and mother this world cannot contain. Her reward has been equal to her great self-sacrifice, and not only this, but the example of her husband has reformed many of his old associates, who at first jeered at him when he refused to join them. There is not a bar now in all Milton, for one cannet be supported."

More than one thoughtless girl in the little group clustered around Isabel. began, for the first time, to feel their responsibility as women, when her little narrative was concluded. But the current of thought and education is not so easily turned, and by the time the gentlemen entered the room, most of them had forgotten everything but a desire to outshine each other in their good graces.

Emily Bradford alone remained in the shadow of a curtain, quiet and apart; and as she stood there musing, her heart beat faster, it may be, with an unacknowledged pang of jealousy, as she saw Robert Lewis speaking earnestly with Isabel.

"Heaven bless you, Miss Gray, I confess I wavered—you have made me ashamed of my weakness; I will not mind their taunting now," was all that the grateful, warm-hearted man could say; and he knew by the friendly clasp of Isabel's hand that nothing more was needed. Who among that group of noble and beautiful women had more reason for happiness than Isabel Gray? Ah, my sisters, if you could but realize that all beauty and grace are but talents entrusted to your keeping, and that the happiness of many may rest upon the most trivial act, you would not use that loveliness for an ignoble triumph, or so thoughtlessly tread the path of daily life!

"Oh, Isabel," said Lucy Rushton, bursting into her cousin's room, some two years from the scenes we have recorded, "what *am* I to do?—Pray advise me, for you always know every thing."

"Not quite as wise as that, dear, but what am I to do for you?"

"Oh, Emily Bradford has been proposed for by young Lewis, and aunt, who sees only his wealth and connections, is crazy for the match. Emily really loves him devotedly; and what am I to do, knowing how near he once came to downright intemperance? Is it my duty, or is it not, to tell aunt? It has no effect on Emily, and, besides he confessed it all to her when he proposed."

"And what does she say?"

"Why, it's your fault, after all, for she quotes a story you told that same night I heard about his folly. You told me that, too. Well, he declares he has not drank a glass of wine since then, and never will again. Particularly if he has Emily for his guiding angel, I suppose, and all that sort of thing. And she believes him, of course."

"Well, 'of course'—don't say it so despairingly; why not? I do, most assuredly. I might perhaps have distrusted the reformation if it had been solely on Emily's account, a pledge made to gain her, but if I am not very much mistaken, I think I can trace their attachment to that same eventful night, but I am very certain he did not declare himself until quite recently."

"So I am to let Emily run the risk?"

"Yes, if she chooses it; though I do not think there is much. I should have no hesitation to marry Lewis if I loved him. Emily is a thoughtful, sensible girl. She does not act without judgment, and she is just the woman to be the wife of an impulsive, generous man like Lewis. Sufficient time has elapsed to try his principles, and her companionship will strengthem them."

And so it proved, for there are now few happier homes than the cheerful, hospitable household over which Emily Lewis presides. Isabel Gray is always a favorite guest, and Robert predicts that she will never marry. It may prove so, for she is not of those who would sacrifice herself for fortune, or give her hand to any man she did not thoroughly respect and sympathise with, to escape that really very tolerable fate—becoming an old maid.

INTEMPERANCE OF MEMBERS of CONGRESS.

We have received a letter from a respectable and responsible source in Washington, in which complaint is made, that some members of the Senate and House of Representatives are so habitually intoxicated as to be utterly incapable of intelligently discharging their duties. The writer has not furnished us with the names, but he asserts as a fact that, no less than "four Senators were seen reeling drunk on the avenue, at one time and altogether." This is a sad state of affairs, and may be productive of dangerous consequences to the nation. Members in such a condition are totally incompetent to perform their duties, and should have no vote, for they cannot know upon what they are voting. However attached to strong drink a member may be, we should suppose that respect for those he represents—for the station which he occupies—if not for himself—would prevent the indulgence of his beastly appetite whilst in attendance in Congress. To descend from the elevated position of Senator or Representative to the level of the brute, is a degradation of which any man should be ashamed—and yet, it seems, that to such men is entrusted the safety of the country, at a moment when the whole energies of the greatest intellects are engaged in the effort to avert imimpending danger. The appointing power sho'd look to the moral deportment as well as the intellectual acquirements of those who seek to be placed in responsible positions—for it is a good rule to appoint no man to power who cannot restrict his passions within the limits of decency.

[Balt. Clip.

This is a sad picture, and one which should cause voters to blush, that they have placed in power men so wholly unfit to be trusted with affairs involving the welfare of the nation. The names of the Hon. *Drunkards* should be given to the public; the people might relieve them of their duties, and in future let them remain quietly at home.

GETTING USED TO IT.

"Somewhere about here," writes a Southern correspondent, "lives a small farmer, of such social habits that his coming home intoxicated was once no unusual thing. His wife urged him in vain to sign the pledge.

"Why, you see," he would say, "I'll sign it after a while, but I don't like to break right off at once; it ain't wholesome. The best way always is to git used to a thing by degrees, you know."

"Very well, old man," his helpmate would rejoin, "see now if you don't fall into a hole one of these days, while you can't take care of yourself, and nobody near to take you out."

Sure enough, as if to verify the prophecy, one day, while intoxicated, he tumbled into the well, and after a deal of useless scrambling, he shouted for the 'light of his eyes' to come and help him out.

"Didn't I tell you so?" said the good soul, showing her cap frill over the edge of the parapet; "you've got into a hole at last, and it's only lucky I'm in hearing, or you might have drowned! "Well," she continued, after a while, letting down the bucket, "take hold." And up he came, higher at each turn of the windlass, until the old lady's grasp slipping from the handle, down he went to the bottom again. This occurring more than once, made the temporary occupant of the well suspicious. "Look here!" he screamed in a fury, at the last splash, "you're doing that on purpose—I *know* you are!"

"Well, now, I *am*," responded his old woman, tranquilly, while winding him up once more. "Don't you remember telling me it's best to get used to a thing by degrees? I'm 'fraid if I was to bring you right up on a sudden, you wouldn't find it wholesome!"

The old fellow could not help chuckling at the application of his principle, and protested he would sign the pledge on the instant, if she would lift him fairly out. This she did, and packed him off to sign the pledge, wet as he was.—"For you see," she added, very emphatically, "if you ever fall into the well again, I'll *leave* you thar—I will! [Knickerbocker.

The Yankee Blade says that Barnum has received such encouragement in his enterprise of bringing Jenny Lind to this country, that he will next year endeavor to bring Queen Victoria and her babes to America, on a speculation.

MRS. NICHOLS ON WOMAN'S RIGHTS.

The Middlebury Register in reply to Mrs. Nichols' position as to the property rights of married women—as is usual with those who maintain the inferiority of our sex—brings up the *Bible* to prove that she has no right to hold property. He says:

"The Democrat might deem it a hackneyed argument, were we to point out the view taken of this matter in the Bible—about which there can be little room for difference of opinion. We content ourselves simply with a general reference to this authority—knowing that particular passages will occur readily enough to Mrs. Nichols and to our readers."

To which Mrs. Nichols replies:

"What the passages are, to which our Register friend refers, as authorizing the alienation of women's property rights, we have not the slightest idea. We have ransacked the Bible from beginning to end, and the amount of our gatherings upon the subject are, six of one and half a dozen of the other. We find that under the Old Testament dispensation in its early period, women had no rights, even personal. Job is the first of whom it is recorded, that "he divided to his daughters *an inheritance among their brethren*," and *he* never thought of such an act of justice till, like many a poor wife, he had been delivered over with all his natural and inalienable rights, except life, to the power of Satan, and subjected to a most devilish oppression. Whether the precedent established by Job obtained in the government of David and Solomon, we are not told, or whether the virtuous woman of whom the wise man speaks, was only one of Job's endowed daughters; but she seems to have been a very capable, responsible sort of a body, performing duties and exercising property rights, which, if she lived at this day, would fasten upon her the suspicion of wearing the pantaloons, and Solomon would be sneered at as a champion of woman's rights; for after narrating her excellencies he exclaims, "Give her the fruit of her own hands; and let her own works praise her in the gates." But listen what a character he gives her: "She considereth a field and buyeth it; with the fruit of her hands (her earnings?) she planteth a vineyard." "She stretcheth out her hand to the poor; yea, she reacheth forth her hands to the needy." Now she did not stretch forth her hands empty; and it is not in keeping with Solomon's description of this woman and her business responsibilities to suppose that she had to go to her husband to ask for "a quarter" to give to the poor! But what caps the climax is the declaration, that not only 'her children rise up and call her blessed, but her *husband* also, and he *praiseth* her!" And this husband of hers, Solomon takes pains to make us understand, was a man whose praise was worth something;—he could not have been known as "hen-pecked," for Solomon says of him, "he is known in the gates, *where he sitteth among the elders of the land;*" and what is more, his honorable position in society is mentioned as being in some way connected with the virtues of this model wife, who bought and sold, and held property at her own disposal.

But we come to the New Testament, and from Matthew to Revelations, we find not a single passage authorizing the alienation of the wife's property rights, in favor either of the husband or his relatives. Perhaps our Register friend construes the Apostolic command to wives to "obey their own husbands," as involving acquiescence in laws divesting them of their rights. *We* regard the deference enjoined upon the wife, as we do all the injunctions of the Christian religion, in perfect consonance with corresponding states of the affections. The *man* who loves his wife will defer to her reasonable requests, law or no law; and from her womanly nature, the deference of a loving wife is pre-eminent over a husband's.—The Apostle understood this characteristic of feminine affection, and gave it the sanction of Christian principle, partly to promote that influence by which the unbelieving husband might be won by the believing wife; and partly that the wife might, as before her conversion to Christianity, humor her husband's preferences—when not conflicting with her obligations to God—without hesitancy or self-accusation. But to make this injunction of the Apostle the basis, or plea, for reducing the wife by legal disabilities and pecuniary destitution, to dependence upon the husband, is unchristian and inhuman. He has all the power with which he can safely be trusted, in the law of love which wills in her heart to make sacrifices for his pleasure. Besides, the arming him with extraneous power over *her*—the weaker and defenceless party—tends to make him reckless of the culture of her affection, inasmuch as all his selfish advantages, through her co-operation and service, are secure to him whether she love him or not. But leaving the policy of laws compelling obedience by creating dependence and destroying self-reliance—which is as much a voiding of moral free agency, as are laws compelling the support of a church establishment on the ground of moral obligation to sustain the preached gospel—leaving the impolicy and injustice of making women pecuniarily dependent in order to compel the virtue of obedience, we will, for the sake of the argument, admit that the command to wives to "obey their *own* husbands," implies the right and duty of legislatures composed of bachelors and other women's husbands, to enact laws divesting them of their natural and inalienable rights, their means of independent existence—and what of it? How does it give men such advantage over women? We have the corresponding command of the Apostle—"Husbands, love your wives, *even* as Christ loved the church and gave himself for it." We may as fairly claim under this command to husbands, that laws be passed vesting the husband's right to *life* in the wife! The command is very explicit, and leaves nothing to be implied by indirection, as in the first command. The illustration leaves no room to evade the force of the injunction: "Even as Christ loved the church and gave himself for it," so husbands are to love their wives.

Now if we have been so fortunate as to get hold of "the passages" by which our Register friend sustains his advocacy of woman's property dependence, we have a claim on him to press the immediate passage of a law that shall compel all the married men in the State to *go hang*, or hold their lives by the tenure of the wife's will.

For the Lily.

HOUSEKEEPING.

"A place for every thing, and every thing in its place."

There is no point, on which men, simple souls, are more mistaken in regard to women, than in supposing, that the mass of us are perfect martyrs, to order and cleanliness, when the fact is, the general run of housekeepers offer themselves up, daily and hourly, living sacrifices, to the demons of dirt and disorder. Now there is my Cousin Barbary; she has a kind husband, several fine children, a good house and furniture, servants and money, and yet poor Barbary is always in a ferment, and neither she, nor her house, ever have an air of ease and comfort. Barbary has the most complex way of housekeeping. She keeps it herself, and from the mysterious manner in which the whole domestic machinery moves on, one might think, that at some time, Barbary had been confidential adviser to the Autocrat of Russia. She lets no one into the secret of the hiding places of any of the domestic utensils; from the fine linen pillow cases, down to the knife cloth, no one but Barbary, can lay their hands upon anything; and she, cannot go straight to what she wants. Oh! no, I have seen her many a time, chase round after the dish cloth, peering into every closet, pot, and pan, like some devoted wife in search of a drunken spouse, through all his accustomed haunts of idleness, and then, in despair, tear some old garment, and take one half for her present need. Barbary has no one implement, or dish, for any particular purpose, but wood, iron and glass, in her hands, are at once endowed with a kind of universal genius. Their individuality is wholly merged in the general good. A junk bottle can be called upon, in one revolution of the earth, to hold a quart of molasses, to roll out a pie crust, to perform various evolutions on the floor for the amusement of the baby, or its neck used to sop out a muslin puff, or hold a tallow candle, through an entire evening. Poor Barbary knows no repose,—she is always on the go. If husband, children or servants wish anything, they must all go to Barbary. "Dear, where are my razors?" Down drops Barbary's work, and away she goes in search of the razors, and, after a thorough overhauling of the knife box, escritoire, and all the drawers in the side board, with a joyous bound, she brings them down from the top of the looking glass, all bound round with a strong hemp thread, to prevent, as she said, "little Jenny" from cutting herself, as she had had them to play with, contrary to paternal orders the night before; as neither her doll, rattle box, or big shell could be found. They had probably gone the day before under a great lounge, which served Barbary, in her fits of rigbting up the house, as a kind of Botany Bay, where she banished every thing, that had the misfortune to fall in her way, at so important an epoch.

"Now," said Barbary, seating herself once more "I must mend Tommy's pantaloons."—She had just got her thimble on, and her needle threaded, when the door opened and a broad face was presented by one of the daughters of Erin. "Mrs. B., where is the bluing bag?" "The bluing bag; Bridget? I'll see." Down go the pantaloons, and away goes Barbary, and after half an hour's search, she triumphantly brings forth the blueing bag from the box of starch. Poor Barbary! she accomplished so little and yet she was so tired when night came. I once ventured to say to her, that she might save a great deal of time and many steps if she would have a place for everything. She promptly replied, "I have no time to be orderly." I saw by her manner, that Barbary was not prepared to take any suggestions, so I pitied her in silence. But to you who read about Barbary, let me say; have one place for every thing, and train your household to put things in their proper places. Then husband, children and servants can all wait on themselves. In an orderly house a child five years old can tell where every thing is. If you would save time and labor cultivate order. Perhaps I will tell you more about Barbary another time; and I must tell you too, about my cousin Sobriny Jane, who is the pink of order and neatness. She has nine pages of written directions for her servant to set the dinner table, and all her bundles are classified, hung up in linen bags, and duly labelled.

E. C. S.

A Sight to Look Upon.—Last evening, after the rain storm, a crowd was gathered in front of the ruins of the American, on Main street.—Beneath one of the arches lay two women—one white, the other black, where they had sought shelter from the storm, their heads pillowed upon the stones. Beside them was a small child, eating from a crust of bread, all unconscious of the degradation of its companions. Both of the women were helplessly drunk. And there, exposed to the elements—exposed to the taunts and insults of an unfeeling crowd, lay these females, victims to the curse of intoxication—a sight upon which retailers of ardent spirits might look and behold the fruit of their labors. The women were taken care of by the watch.

[Buff. Com. Adv.

It has been well said, that many a man has missed being a great man by splitting into two middling ones. Concentrate your energies, if you would make a figure in the world.

THE LILY.

AMELIA BLOOMER, Editor.

SEPTEMBER, 1850.

PETITIONS.

We see that our cotemporaries of the temperance press are already calling the attention of the people to the subject of again petitioning the legislature for a prohibitory law, and urging upon them the necessity of *early* action. This is right, and we hope there are enough *live* temperance men in every town who will take the matter in hand, and see that their respective towns are thoroughly canvassed for petitioners. Little has been gained thus far, by appeals to our law makers, for protection against the murderous traffic, yet we would not have the advocates of right relax their efforts, or cease their demands till they have gained a hearing, and brought our legislators to their senses. We hope the number of petitions for the coming winter may exceed those ever before made; and we feel to hope that another session will not close till some action be taken upon them.

We would suggest that petitions be also sent in, praying that those opposed to the traffic may be exempt from taxes for the support of paupers and criminals, made such either by the direct, or indirect agency of alcoholic drinks; and that such taxes be levied only upon the *vender* and *consumer* of such drinks.

We think it but right that they who persist in prosecuting such a pauper and criminal making business, and they who countenance and support it, should be made liable for all damages to both person and property, caused by such traffic —While they who utterly abhor, and protest against it—who of themselves are guiltless of any agency in so deadly a work, and maintain that its prosecution is unjust and criminal, should not be compelled to support the victims of the inhuman vender who has stolen their subsistence.

Our rulers should be beseiged at every point till they learn that temperance men are in earnest, and if we cannot have a prohibitory law—if the barbarous traffic must still be carried on, then let temperance men protest against the injustice of compelling them to support its paupers, and criminals, and demand a release from such injustice and oppression.

We earnestly hope that the legislature may be early flooded with temperance petitions—that previous failures may not so dishearten men but that they will re-echo their demands in still louder tones than have ever before reached the ears of our wise and enlightened(?) lawgivers.

☞ It is our opinion that being drunk is offence enough for commitment and penalties. In no case is the community safe from violence when drunken men are permitted to go at large.

[Washington Republic.

Right, there, brother, but what is your opinion about the safety of community, when the drunkard *maker* is "permitted to go at large?" Which of the two, think you, is the most dangerous? and which the most worthy of "commitment and penalties?" Pray don't throw all the blame upon the poor drunkard, when the law has so kindly provided for his getting *legally* drunk. To sanction an evil and provide laws for the safe prosecution of such evil, and then condemn and imprison those who but carry out the provisions of the law, seems extremely cruel.—Yet we are in favor of punishing the drunkard, in some way. He knows that the law which provides for his getting drunk, is a bad one, and more worthy a place in a barbarian land, than on the Statute books of enlightened America.—He knows the effects and the consequences of drinking intoxicating poison, and if this is not enough to restrain him, he should be publicly whipped, or rode on a rail, to bring him to his senses. If this don't answer, then confine him, where he can do neither himself or others harm. The legalized, or unlegalized, agent of Satan, who lives by stealing the property, health, and reason of the poor drunkards, we would have confined at hard labor in the State prison or penitentiary, as a *criminal*. We are against *hanging*, for even the most hardened villain, else we might advocate that kind of punishment for the rumseller; for we believe him as guilty of *murder*, in the sight of God, as any wretch who ever expiated his crimes upon the gallows.

Now, Mr. Republic, as you have so freely given your opinion as to the punishmont due the drunkard, please say what you think of him who makes him a drunkard, and his family paupers and beggars. Political editors keep pretty dark on this subject, generally, lest "our party" lose favor with the devotees of the wine cup, and the brandy bottle. Dare you, sir, say as much about the punishment due the liquor sellers, and *gentlemen wine drinkers*, as you have about the poor drunkard?

"First Annual Announcement of the Female Medical College *of Pennsylvania for the Session* 1850-51, *situated in Philadelphia.*"

This pamphlet is on our table. We have already given our hearty approval to any and all means for enlarging the sphere of women's employments. We are thankful that the doors to one profession at least, are now thrown freely open to her, and we would award all praise to the noble hearted Corporators, who, by founding this institution, have swept away the barriers to woman's emancipation from ignorance and folly, and opened to her an avenue to wisdom and usefulness. But the object of this institution "is not merely to qualify females as practitioners of medicine, but to teach woman to know herself, to understand her organism, and by the knowledge thus obtained, the important relations of wife and mother."

We may trace the unhealthiness of so many of our sex at the present day, to their lamentable state of ignorance in regard to physiology and the laws of health; yet while men deplore the frailty of our constitutions, and wonder why there are so many sickly women, we regret that there are many of them crying out against these movements, and condemning those who are opening the way for our instruction in this important branch of knowledge. These grumblers profess great fears for the consequences of women thus out-stepping their "sphere" and "unsexing themselves," when the truth is, they fear and dread to have us "inferior" beings presume to an equality with themselves, or become their competitors in any branch of knowledge. They can look with perfect indifference upon a poor woman toiling from morning till night over the wash tub or other drudgery, or upon a young girl stitching her life away in some dark garret, or damp cellar, to earn her subsistence; this is all right—they are within their "*sphere*," and these jealous, over anxious, wise lords have nothing to say. But when a woman claims the right equal with them, to earn her living, or seek honor and distinction in any way she pleases, they deem it incumbent upon them to heap ridicule and abuse upon her, and to raise a note of warning to all who may presume to follow so dangerous a leader. Here is one point however, where we believe the *Bible* cannot be thrust in, to awe woman to silence.

Our sick rooms have too long been invaded by men; in ancient times it was not so, and we rejoice in the signs of a revival of ancient customs in this respect. All honor to Elizabeth Blackwell who dared the frowns and ridicule of the world and thus inspired her sex with confidence to follow!

The lectures of the institution at Philadelphia, will commence on the first Monday in October, and continue four months. For further information apply to James F. X. M'Closkey, M. D., Dean of the Faculty, 475 Race street, Philadelphia.

☞ The following are the exclamations of Mrs. Swisshelm on hearing of the defeat of the Compromise. A hearty response will echo back from many hearts.

Thank God, for all His mercies, but especially for this one! The Omnibus bill upset in the Senate, the axle broken, and the cargo spilled out!! The combined efforts of Clay, Webster and Cass have failed in this great fight with the spirit of liberty. Our new territories are not to be consecrated to weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth! The bondman is not there to lift up his manacled hands and pray curses on our land for heaping fetters on his wrists. Thank God for this great triumph of freedom, and then thank those who were not ashamed or afraid to be found on the side of God and nature, re-enacting their laws. Thank Benton, and Hale, and Chase, and Seward, and their coadjutors. We used to look at Benton and wonder if it were possible he were not a match for any ten men in the Senate—if it were possible victory in some form would not perch on the standard he held so high, so tauntingly, doggedly and defiantly aloft. Victory has come. Clay himself declared the defeat of that bill would be a triumph of abolition and free soil. The triumph has come, and we do honor the stern old man who appeared to rejoice so heartily in fighting for it. Slavery can never recover from that blow. It is no longer in the ascendant.

The Carpenter's Dream is respectfully declined. We like the idea of a woman making a speech on so good a subject as temperance and tobacco, but we hope when it becomes fashionable for her to make a *real* speech, she will be qualified to get up a better one than that which this dreamer listened to.

We have several other articles on hand which we do not think of sufficient interest to warrant us in publishing them. We can select those that are better.

Talent is an eye sore to tyranny. In weakness tyranny fears it as a power; in power, it hates it as a liberty.

The NORTH WESTERN DOLLAR WEEKLY, ON MEN, WOMEN AND HEADS.

Well, friend Stebbins, if we are to judge of your brain—having never seen your head—from the *logical* manner in which you handle a subject, we should, from your article on woman, pronounce it to be of very inferior quality, to say nothing of its size; though we have settled the question in our own mind, that you must have a large head, for the vanity of man would never allow him to speak of any appendange as absolutely necessary to greatness, which he did not think he himself possessed. However, as we have known very gifted men and women, with small heads, and very great fools with large heads, and the reverse, it is only by a process of reasoning that we have come to so important a conclusion in reference to your individual head, and we may be mistaken after all. Your assertions, dear sir, are in the face of facts and philosophy. You say:

"A man cannot be great unless he has a large and well formed brain, *and* a vital system powerful enough to support it; for the brain can no more work without its food, than can the body. Go into the Senate of the United States, and you will not find an old man there, who has won a name for greatness, who has not a large head, and a powerful vital system, indicated by an expansive chest. A man may have the sufficient amount of brain for greatness, but if the vital strength is wanting, and he cultivates his brain, it will as surely cost him his life as it would that of your horse to drive him a long journey every day, with but three pints of oats per day."

Go into the Senate of the United States, and you will find that our greatest men, from the beginning down to our day, have not had herculean powers of body. Compare John Quincy Adams with Long John Wentworth; true, Adam's greatness cost him his life, for "he died at the *early age* of eighty." Again take Daniel Webster, the very best specimen of head and muscle you lord's can boast. What a head! what muscular power! what vital force! But compare him with Lord Brougham, whose head is medium size, muscular development not remarkable, but whose temperament is intensively active, and whose brain lies in the right place. Compare their achievements in every department of knowledge, and how greatly superior is Brougham; and tho' Webster's senior but a few years, from his acquirements and universal information, one would think he had already lived ten lives instead of one. He is admitted on all sides to be Webster's superior, in law, literature, languages, sciences and high morality, as a jurist, author, scholar, statesman and philanthropist. There is not a department of literature in which he has not written, not a great question of humanity on which he has not been heard, whilst four small volumes contain all that Webster has written, and his race are none the better for much he has said. But then, friend Stebbins would give to Webster the promise of long life. But what of that! is it all of life to live? Is not a short life of intensity and activity, spent for the good of our race, better than a long one, aimless, profitless, passed in self-aggrandizement and sensual pleasures? However, Brougham has already reached the tender age of seventy, but if, according to Stebbins, he must die early, we hope he may live long enough to make his promised visit to this country.

It is undoubtedly true, that if you could give the man of great brain and muscular power, the active nervous temperament that belongs to the finer organization, then the larger the brain, the greater the man; but as this cannot be done, we must believe that greatness depends as much upon temperament as upon the size of the head.—We women never talk of our rights, but your muscular arms, and great heads, are held up to us at once, as knock down arguments. Now, in our opinion Mr. Stebbins, you had better suspend judgment upon our small heads. Do not pronounce them incapable of thinking and reasoning with clearness and strength, until, by a careful revision of the past, you shall be able to prove to us that all such men as Bonaparte, Lord Nelson, Lord John Russel, Curran, Voltaire, Guizot, Milton, Walter Scott, Hamilton, Burr, Allison, Macauley, &c., &c., were six feet high, with the lungs of a porpoise and the head of a whale; for so long as we are left in the delusion that a small man can hold a mighty mind, we shall rest in the vain hope that a small woman may perform the same feat. But let Stebbins speak for himself once more. He says:

We occasionally find a woman with a large brain, but with only a female's vital powers; and she falls a sure victim to premature disease.—Again there are some with a large brain, and corresponding vital strongh—and what are they? Invariably they are a kind of *female man!* With man's strength of mind, they have also his coarseness of person, and often his want of sensibility, and his coarseness of thought and expression. We do not say this is invariably the case, but we believe the exceptions will be found so rare as not to be worth noticing. We consider Mrs. Swisshelm a fair representative of this small class. They are men in every thing but their sex; and curse Providence that they are not in that. It is not strange that this class contend for the right of suffrage. They have men's minds and feelings; and wish to act and be like men. They are exceptions in the work of nature, and their sex are neither proud of, nor wish to imitate them. We speak here only of those who have a large brain and a physical organization strong enough to support it in health. And we maintain that woman can become a philosopher only in proportion to her, physical strength.

Mr. Stebbins is all wrong about the class of women who demand their right of suffrage. All those that we know are small women with more than the usual share of delicacy and refinement. The large, brawny women can settle their difficulties with their own strong right arms, but we little women, must have the aid of just laws and equal rights. The selection of Mrs. Swisshelm as the representative of a certain class is quite unfortunate, as she too, is quite small and delicate in person, though she has a large head. That, we suppose ensures her early death; though for the consolation of all such let us say, that we have known small women with large heads and active brains live to the age of 91. That, to be sure, is falling far short of the age of Methuselah. We do not agree with Mr. S. that coarseness and vulgarity are necessary to greatness and strength; on the contrary, our greatest and best men are invariably the purest and most refined. It is no part of our wish to have woman less pure, but we would fain have man more so.

But again, this North Western maintains that woman can become a philosopher only in proportion to her physical strength. We do not know how he intends to use the term philosopher, if he means that, barring accidents, the stronger she is in body, the longer she will remain in the flesh, why he is right for once, and does honor to his great head in making a remark so profound. But if he means that great mental power, or great moral or physical courage depend upon physical strength, then is he still wrong. The most courageous men and women that have figured in past history, or in our own times, have not invariably been those of the greatest physical developments. Our small and delicate women have thought and written profoundly in the sciences, mathematics and metaphysics. They have, in times of darkness and difficulty, nobly faced dangers and perils, by land and by sea, and more than once have they dared the battle field, and there fought bravely in defence of their country and their homes.

ARTHUR'S HOME GAZETTE is the title of a new weekly paper, published in Philadelphia, and edited by T. S. ARTHUR, "who will concentrate upon it all, or nearly all, of his literary labors." We think the name of the editor will be enough to ensure his paper a wide circulation.—He is a popular writer, and deservedly so, as it is ever his aim to advocate the right, and teach the truth for the good of his fellow men. A high moral tone pervades all his writings, and his paper will be, no doubt, what it aims to be, a useful "Home Gazette." He says, "it will be emphatically a paper for the *home circle*—a household companion—a pleasant fire side friend, coming to all with a cheerful countenance, and seeking, while it imparts instruction, to entertain and interest all classes of readers." "Ruling a Wife," a picture from real life, shows that Arthur is an advocate of woman's rights. Such tales cannot but be productive of good, and we hope the writer will continue to display the "pictures."

TERMS.—$2 in advance, or three papers for $5.

GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE, for September, contains its usual amount of interesting reading matter from some of the best writers; also several fine engravings, and a greatly improved plate of Paris fashions. We are glad to see that the Parisian ladies have eschewed *small waists*, and adopted a fashion more productive of health and comfort. We hope it may be the rage till women shall have recovered from the effects of tight dressing, and the present generation be allowed to grow up ignorant of the beauty of small waists.

NEW WATER CURE ESTABLISHMENT.—Henry Foster M. D. is now erecting a model house at Clifton Springs, capable of accommodating seventy or eighty patients. This mode of treating disease is becoming very popular, and a better location for such an establishment could not easily be found. It will be opened for the reception of patients early this fall.

The WATER CURE JOURNAL for August is an excellent number; it contains articles from some of the ablest physicians in the country, and presents many interesting facts in regard to the treatment of disease. We wish we could induce our readers to take this excellent Journal in place of the trashy publications which are now so generally patronized.

...ssay which we publish in this number, ...best original temperance tale we have seen ...ng time, and no apology is needed for the ...e devoted to it. Yet we do not agree with ...Mrs. Neal's views as expressed therein. Is...l Gray is a fine character, and her example, if ...followed by women generally, would soon put a ...stop to the drinking customs, and save many a ...youth from the vortex of dissipation and ruin, ...and many a woman from the degradation and ...misery of a drunkard's wife. Her belief in the ...efficacy of the pledge for the reformation of the ...drunkard, and her deep sympathy for his sick ...and suffering wife command our respect and ad...miration. So far we like the story. But we ...cannot think with the writer that it is woman's ...duty to drag out her life tied to a loathesome ...drunkard, even though there may be a hope of ...reform at some future day. We can see no vir...tue in a woman's wasting her health and strength ...toiling early and late, even on the borders of the ...grave, to support a lazy, drunken brute, who has ...promised in the sight of God and men to love, ...cherish and support her so long as she should live, ...but who has proved false to all his vows, and left ...her broken hearted. Nay, we think so far from ...being a virtue, it is a crime. If women will per...sist in living with such loathsome masses of cor...ruption, there should be laws compelling them to ...separate. Even though they have stomachs ...strong enough to endure the nauseating sight ...and smell, and can clasp in their embrace such a ...being, and call him husband, they have no right ...to entail the disgrace upon their offspring, or sub...ject them to the sorrows and crimes consequent ...upon such a life.

We have no patience with those who hold up ...such women as patterns of virtue, and we ...should be glad if both the real and the imagina...ry ones who, are so unfortunate as to be yoked ...with a drunkard, would show more spirit, and ...teach them that when betrayed and deserted by ...their sworn protectors, they will in turn desert, ...and leave them to wallow alone in their filth.

"An Unfavorable Omen."—Under this head Father Chipman of the Temperance Star, notices with regret our announcement of the possible discontinuance of the Lily, at the close of the present volume. He speaks in high terms of praise, of the good service which he is pleased to think we have done the temperance cause, and expresses the hope that ours may not be the fate of publishers generally, "pecuniary loss and embarrassment." Others, of our brothers of the press, have expressed regret at our announcement.

These expressions of encouragement and good will, are very flattering, and almost cause us to regret having said anything about it. Say no more, brothers, we pray you, lest you cause us to change our mind, and force our scribblings upon you another year.

But have no *fears* on our account. Father Chipman. We go upon the no-credit system, out of own village, and the few indebted to us at home, we think have too much honor to cheat us out of *fifty cents*. Although we *do wish* they would save us the mortification of asking for these small sums, yet we know it is safe, and will be good when we get it.

We have never expected to make a fortune out of our paper, so shall not be disappointed in that respect; but we shall lose nothing, save our own time and labor, and even for this we are amply repaid by the pleasure and benefit derived from our position. We do not say the paper will stop, but our present feelings incline that way. We have long been subject to severe attacks of *headache*, which unfit us for mental labor, and we feel that we cannot do justice to ourself or our readers. This, and the cares attending it, will be the reason of our resigning our post, should we conclude to do so. It will be hard for us to part with our cherished bantling, and we may find when the day of trial comes, that the tie is too strong to be severed.

PROGRESS of the TEMPERANCE CAUSE.

In the moral and intellectual advancement of the world, one Reform after another has been effected, until in the progress of things, the Temperance Reformation was begun. And as every progressive step taken by man has been experimental it has been true in respect to this enterprise, Lest we become impatient that the cause progresses no more rapidly, let us note its advancement thus far, and see what yet remains to be done.

The agitation of the temperance question is of comparatively recent origin. True, thirty, or perhaps fifty years ago, there were some few who had an accurate conception of the existing state of things, and a correct idea of what society should be in this respect. They saw about them a community given to the use of intoxicating drinks, In places of public gatherings, at the festive board, in the Senate Hall, in the field of labor, in the pulpit and at the bar, strong drinks were a constant accompaniment. Thus the appetite and the judgment were educated to its use. It was made a commodity of merchandise and men obtained a living by its sale.

They saw too, that this state of things was contrary to the moral and physical nature, and to the best interests of man; that intoxicating drinks dethroned reason, let loose the baser passins, rendered the perpetration of outrage and the commission of crime easy, and unfitted men for the duties and enjoyments of life.

A change was greatly needed—something must be done. The only way to effect this change was, *to educate the public mind aright*; and this must be done by degrees. The agitation began, and the first pledge was established. Imperfect as it would now seem, it was a great step—the taking of the first strong hold of the enemy. The leaven began to work, the mass to move—slowly, but onward; and each progressive step was marked by the change which it wrought. The transition from the old to the second pledge—from that to the glorious Washingtonian movement; each step preparing the way for one higher in its aim and more noble in its object.

Hitherto the work had been a moral one, and the Washingtonian effort was preeminently so.—To enlighten the public mind; to array man's moral nature against an indulgence in the practice; and to redeem the fallen, were the objects at that period. And when we consider what the public mind was at the commencement of that era, we must acknowledge that the results exceded our most sanguine expectations. Yet it was insufficient to accomplish the whole object, necessary as it was, to prepare the way for more decisive measures. Washingtonianism reformed many drunkards, healed many broken hearts, and restored happiness to many families. The same spirit can yet do the same things. But something more decisive remains to be done, else while we stop a stream which flows in one direction from the Great Fountain of Death, one more rapid in its progress, and harder to overcome, will break forth in another. While that Fountain itself remains secure, it will not do to rest satisfied with the circulation of the pledge, the reclaiming of the drunkard or the organization of societies. What has been gained by these means must be held fast, but *success consists in an onward march*.

For years past, efficient workers have been in the Temperance field; the press has disseminated light and imparted strength; yet the cause does not advance as it should at this crisis. And why? Because the Traffic is supported by *law*. It derives respectability from that source. We are baffled in every attempt to dethrone the monster by law. And all our efforts, with all the moral suasion which can be brought to bear, are no more than sufficient to keep the enemy at bay. The legalized trafficers exert their utmost power, and an energy worthy of a better cause, to maintain their position. Their places of vending Legalized Poisons are ranged in every direction up and down the country, and whenever an avenue for a useful or honorable enterprise is opened, there the death-disseminating beverage is introduced, and every adroit and ingenious means devised to ensnare again those who would fly the evil, and to decoy the unwary. With all the moral means which the cause of temperance can bring to bear, the progress is but slow—whilst the Legalized traffic is arrayed against it. Such has been the state of things for years, and all that the friends of temperance can do affords but little hope of gaining a decisive victory while legislation renders the traffic "respectable."

The step now being taken is that which at this point is needed. Laws *prohibiting* instead of *sustaining* the traffic are now demanded by the progress of the cause. Laws, not to supplant other measures, for they will all be needed, but to aid these other means. There is ever a scum which floats upon the surface of society, too impure to be renovated or removed by moral means, alone. Of this sort are they who traffic in alcoholic poison. Not only those dealers whose dens are found in cellars and bye corners, and those who assume the *appearance* of respectability by their greater area, and their large signs of legality and certificates of respectability, but also the *Distillers*, who are at the foundation, and put in motion this enginery of evil.

To this position we have traced the enemy.—It now turns upon us and all the means hitherto used, and bids defiance to our farther progress. The temperance impulse seems instinctively to have stopped at this point—the point to which our efforts should be concentrated, until the foe is utterly driven from the protection which it now receives from the law, and is left exposed to the well aimed arrows of the intemperance soldiery. We have now a two-fold duty to perform.—Then to the work! Bring *moral suasion* to apply wherever it will, and at the same time legislate against the traffic.

Until recently, public sentiment and appetite were such that it would have been folly to have attempted prohibition. Public sentiment needed to be enlightened, and the perverted appetite to be corrected. These have been done to an extent demanding corresponding legislation.—There is every reason to believe that were a full expression given in this State, a sufficient majority might be counted to prohibit the traffic.—Then what excuse can the Friends of Temperance find for longer permitting this state of things to exist? If all that is desirable cannot be accomplished at once, make secure as far as possible, and advance at every opportunity; continually making the law an index to public sentiment.

L. A. Jenkins.

Petticoat Press.—There are now in existence in the United States, six female newspaper editors; Mrs. Swisshelm, Pittsburg Visiter; Mrs. Nichols, Windham County Democrat; Mrs. Bloomer, Lily; Mrs. Pierson, Lancaster Gazette; Mrs. Howe, the Pine Knot; Mrs. Royall, the Huntress. These publications are all respectable in appearance, and are conducted with much ability, giving positive evidence that women can be better employed than as walking signs to display dry goods.

[*Pantaloons* Gazette, Bellows Falls.

To the above may be added, Mrs. Prewett, of the Yazoo Whig; Mrs. Sanford, True Kindred; Mrs. Baily, Friend of Youth, and Mrs. Beatty, Concord Free Press.

YOUTH'S DEPARTMENT.

HENNIE PALMER'S TRIAL.

A DOWNRIGHT FAIRY TALE.

Henrietta Palmer was what I should call a *cruel* girl. She would pull off the legs and wings of the poor littie house flies that crawled upon the window pane; she would catch butterflies and press them between the leaves of her writing book; stick pins through lady bugs, and string May flies and make them twirl around on a thread of cotton. Now, that hurt the poor insects very much, and I should call such actions cruel—shouldn't you? I wouldn't like to be treated in the same way, and I wouldn't treat an insect that lives, so—would you? Henrietta did. however, and I am going to tell you how she was punished for her cruelty. She ran out into the garden one night—one beautiful moonlight night, just to gather some rose buds with the dew on them for her sister. She saw a butterfly, with folded wings asleep in the bosom of a sunflower. It was a very large one, with a splendidly laced coat; and Hennie said she would press it; so she threw her handkerchief carefully over it, and caught it. Then she pinched off its head, and going into the house, spread the wings between the leaves of a book; after this, Hennie thought no more about it. Not so the other butterflies of the garden, however; for it happened that the one Henrietta killed was King of the Butterflies; and his indignant subjects vowed to have vengeance on the murderer.—They knew that Hennie had done it, because a wakeful snail had seen the deed committed all in the still moonlight, and had traveled "all night till the broad day light," to give information.—Moreover, they were well acquainted with Henrietta's cruelty, for many of the insect tribe had suffered from it. So they laid a wonderful plan to revenge their noble and well beloved king.

The very next night it happened that Henrietta went to the garden again. She skipped along the alley, once stopping to pull a flower, and twice to crush a "tumbler bug" and a black beetle that lay in her path. That was a cruel action, but one which Henrietta always did; if she saw a bug or worm in her way, she was sure to kill it. She took her seat, at length, beneath a lilac tree, intending to remain there awhile, because the garden was very pleasant—the night birds whispering, and the dewy air full of coolness and fragrancy. She had not sat there long. when such a buzzing, and whispering and flapping of wings, and trampling of little feet, sounded near her, that she conld not think what it was. She wasn't a bit afraid, however, and she kept her seat. Presently a whole army of butterflies and Mayflies, flanked by as many lady bugs and rose bugs. with a perfect battallion of snails, beetles, tumblers, June bugs, grasshoppers, caterpillars, and crickets, bringing up the rear, appeared before Henrietta's wondering eyes. A half a dozen fairies "in shape not bigger than" one's little finger, sprang each upon a blue bell blossom, and gave orders in a shrill musical voice. Immediately the butterflies rested in a cloud upon Hennie's shoulders and head; and the snails, *et cetera*, surrounded her completely, fettering her hands and feet with chains, industriously plaited of long oat grass. They gave many a sly pinch to her fingers and twitch to her hair, during their work; and in this time Hennie sat spell bound, compelled to endure all. When she was completely bound, and, added to that, her hair pulled out of its braid, and her arms pinched black and blue by the malicious things, headed by a sharp nosed, spiteful eyed fairy I had forgotten to mention, (peace sake! I hope this same fairy wont pinch *me* for disrespect to her ladyship!) then the fairies on their blue bell thrones, called for silence, and commenced the trial of "a mortal accused of the awful crime of slaying the King of the Butterflies!" The Butterfly Fairy was chief judge, seeing as she was the one most concerned in the death of her appointed king. The snail was principal witness; his evidence was concise and clear. The snail, we know, is not naturally very poetical or sublime yet he actually grew quite eloquent in describing "the cruel, cold blooded, monstrous murder of the noble king, even while he slept in quiet innocence." And his voice sunk to the lowest of pathetics as he told of the drooping wings, bleeding body, and low, dying wail of the murdered king, while it swelled again indignantly to speak of "the heartless mortal who now stood a culprit before the Butterfly Fairy Queen." All this, of course, was proof "conclusive;" and the fairy now asked the culprit why sentence of a terrible death from the hands of the fairies should not be passed upon her? Poor Henrietta trembled all over with terrible fear; her tongue was silent and refused to speak.

Her fairy judge frowned awfully, and was about to speak the sentence when there came a fluttering of the leaves and trembling of the blue bell stem, and all suddenly a little fairy stepped forth before the queen.

"Please her majesty, it was a flower fairy—one who had charge of the blue bell, and all other blue flowers; and she had come to pray for pardon for the mortal, who was young, and did not know the greatness of the crime which she had committed; who, moreover, was very kind to the flowers, and watered them every day, when without her they might die of thirst."

It was a peculiarly pretty and pleasant looking little fairy this. with a most sweet, infantile expression on her delicate face, and in her blue eyes, which were now suffused with tears, in grief for Henrietta. She wore a robe made of the petals of blue voilets. The Butterfly Queen seemed touched with her grief; and the little blue bell fairy increased her prayers and solicitations till at length the queen granted a pardon to Henrietta, on condition that she would never again be cruel to any body or any thing. This decision gave much dissatisfaction to the butter flies and the other insects, and they commenced to accuse poor Hennie of new crimes, and to call out most vehemently that she should be killed. A red spotted lady bug spread her wings and poised herself on a carnation, where she could look into the little girl's face, and cried out,

"Yes, *kill* her! for she killed my sister only yesterday."

"I did not; oh, indeed I did not! exclaimed Hennie, in affright.

"Just hear her! Oh, the hardened sinner!" screamed the lady bug, flying off the flower, and flapping her wings very close in Henrietta's face.

Henrietta wanted very much to crush the impudent little lady bird, but she was afraid.

"Yes, only hear her!" said a large, beautiful butterfly, with yellow body, and crimson wings laced with black. "Hear her stories! I saw her stick a pin through the lady bug myself, and at the same time she took the life of my brother."

A little fly now came buzzing into her ears something about broken legs and torn wings.

A grasshopper and a cricket came next. The cricket chirrupped out his accusation. He was on the hearth, singing a sweet song to her, he said: but as soon as ever the ungrateful creature saw him, she tried to set her foot on him; but fortunately the hearth was broken, and he contrived to hide in a hole.

A rose bug came and fastened his claws on her arm, and looking up with such impudence in her face, asked her "how she dared to drown a whole company of his friends, with her watering-pot, yesterday?"

"Because they eat up my roses!" exclaimed Hennie, indignantly, throwing off the clinging thing from her arm; "and I'll do it again. I wish I could kill all the ugly wretches."

"Do you hear *that!* Ugly!" angrily cried the rose bug, spreading his wings more fully to display his fancied perfection.

But Hennie was right—they *are* ugly, and they spoil the sweet flowers with their 'nippers.'

Many another insect had a tale to tell against Henrietta, and all were true, or nearly so. She saw with shame what a very bad child she had been in that respect, and she resolved never again to hurt any living thing just for the sake of wanton cruelty. She said this very humbly to the Butterfly Queen, and that fairy, after some words of advice, gave her full pardon, called off the hostile troops, who would have made war upon her, and dismissed her.

Henrietta gave "most hearty thanks," particularly to the sweet little blue bell fairy, and sped out of the garden as quickly as possible.

After this trial, Hennie Palmer never killed a butterfly, I guess. [Neal's Gazette.

THE YOUTH THAT WAS HUNG.—The Sheriff took out his watch and said, "If you have any thing to say, speak now, for you have only ten minutes to lives."

The young man burst into tears and said: "I have to die. I had only the one little brother.—He had beautiful blue eyes and flaxen hair; and I loved him. But one day I got drunk for the first time in my life, and coming home, I found my little brother gathering strawberries in the garden, and I became angry without a cause, and killed him with one blow of the rake. I did not know any thing about it until the next morning, when I awoke from sleep and found myself guarded. I was told that when my little brother was found, his hair was clotted with blood and brains. He was dead, and I his murderer. Liquor has done it. It has ruined me. I never was drunk but once. I have only one word to say, and then I am going to my final Judge; I say it to you, young people—*never! never! never!* touch anything that can intoxicate!" As he prouounced these words, he sprang from the box, and was launched into an endless eternity.

A MANLY LITTLE FELLOW.—When Lieutenant Governor Patterson, of Westfield, N. Y., was Speaker of the New York Legislature, as is usual at the opening of the House, some dozen boys presented themselves as applicants for the place of messenger. He inquired their names, and into their conditions, in order to make the proper selection. He came, in the course of his examination, to a small boy about ten years old, a bright looking lad.

"Well sir," said he, "what is your name?"

"John Hancock, sir," replied the boy, with promptness.

"What!" said the speaker, "you did not sign the Declaration of Independence, did you?"

"No sir," replied the lad, stretching himself to his utmost proportions, "but I would if I had been there."

"You can be one of the messengers," said the speaker. Erie Gazette.

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Jan. 1, 1850. ISAAC FULLER.